

Marla Ruzicka d April 16

Embraced the living
and counted the dead.

The friends she left
invoke the ordinary
over greater pain: mis-

placing her cellphone,
giggling California girl
asking where the party is.

And such. Round against
these the usual demons,

ending with exhaustion,
depression. Furious wheel.

Afterwards to work for all
those battered by the roar-
ing beast. I don't know

if saints march in. Marla
enters a dim chapel, blond

hair brushing light along
The Stations of the Cross.